GARLAND,

Composed with Variety of the best

NEW SONGS.

I. The *London* Cockney.
II. The new Way to make Love; or, the crafty Doctor's Medicine to gain a Lady.
III. The *Yorkshire* Farmer's Frolick.

Licenced and Enter'd according to Order.

The London Cockney's GARLAND, &c.

The London Cockney.

IT's of a London Cockney as I have heard of late,
Who went into the Country to ſeek for a Mate,
He put in his pockets three Handfuls of Gold,
And a Sword by his Side to make him look bold.

He rode, until he came to fair *Nottingham* Town,
There he diſmounted at the Sign of the Crown;
Where a beautiful Creature appeared in his Eye,
Which cauſed him to ſtay, and there all Night for to lie.

He ſaid, my deareſt Creature if you will be mine,
My Gold and my Silver all ſhall be thine:
She ſaid kind Sir, your Paſſion cannot preſage,
For 'tis with a Plow Boy I'm deeply engaged.

The Plow Boy ſtanding by, hearing her ſay ſo,
Said, 'Tis now I know what I know,
For ſhe is the Girl that ought to be mine,
But if thou canſt gain her ſhe ſhall be thine.

Thou impudent Fellow, how dareſt thou to prate,
For Fear with my Weapon I ſhould break thy Pate,
Thou art but a Bumkin ſprung from a Plow tail,
Thou never handled a Weapon but whip or a flail.

Let no more be of it, but let us go unto the Field,
We ſhall not come in till the one of us do yield,
It never ſhall be ſaid upon an ill Pinch,
The Plow Boy's afraid to fight for his Wench.

They fought for Half an Hour, the Campany did ſay
Before that they knew, which of them would get the Day:
The plow Boy gave the Cockney a fall,
And now Mr Cockney you ſhall pay for all.

My Gold and my Rapier and all ſhall be thine
If thou wilt not in a ſtrange Country my Life reſign,

Nor

Nor in a ſtrange Country here let me lie,
But take me to *London* and there let me die.

His Back, Sides and Pockets being well lin'd,
He ſent for this fair *Maid* and made her his Bride:
It ſhall ne'er be ſaid upon an ill Pinch,
That a Plow Boy is afraid to fight for his Wench.

The new Way to make Love; or the craſty Doctor's *Medicine to gain a Lady.*

YOung Lovers, I would not have you deſpair
But unto my Frolickſome Song lend an Ear:
At Oxford two Lords of great fame,
The one had a daughter ſweet *Suſan* by Name:

The other had a Steward we hear,
Was deeply in Love with this Lady fair;
But yet to court her he dar'd not pretend,
For Fear of the Anger of her noble Friends.

So great was his Love he could take no Reſt,
For Love and fair *Suſan* did dwell in his breaſt:
At length in Diſtraction a Letter he wrote
And inſtantly ſent it to his Lady bright,

Says, Pardon, fair Lady I humbly pray,
But pity a Lover that languiſhing lie;
I am a Lord's Steward ſo mean in degree,
I die for thy ſake charming Creature I ſay.

The Lady ſhe turn'd him a ſcornfull Reply
You impudent Fellow do you think that I,
Who am ſuch a Lady, my Father's own Heir,
Will wed a Lord's Steward, I'd have you forebear.

As ſoon as the Steward her Anſwer receiv'd,
His Heart was oppreſs'd and deſperately griev'd;
So Love-ſick he lay that within little Time
His Place to another was forc'd to reſign.

He being invited one Day to feaſt,
A frolickſome Doctor being one of the Gueſts;

He

He quickly perceiv'd the Steward was in Love,
He call'd him a ſide and they went to a Grove.

Kind Sir, ſaid the Doctor, take it not amiſs
For I do perceive your Diſorder to be this
That you are in Love with a young Lady fair,
I would have you diſcover it now if you are.

A Medicine I have that will cure this Diſeaſe
The Steward he ſmiled, and ſeemed well pleas'd,
Says, that's my Diſorder, if you can me cure,
Then fifty broad Guineas I'll for you procure.

But ſhe is ſo much above my degree
For ſuch a noble Lord's Daughter is ſhe:
Ne'er Heed, ſays the Doctor my Wife does her know
And if you will be ruled we will order it ſo.

I know of a Chamber-maid ſhe ſtands in Need,
She ſent to my Wife to help her with Speed,
you ſhall dreſs yourſelf in Female's Attire
My Wife for a Chamber maid ſoon ſhall you hire.

My Wife ſhall not know but what you're a Maid
So you ſhall be dreſſed as I before ſaid,
For the Love of the frolick he all Night did prepare,
And he did appear like a female ſo fair.

The Doctor he goes to his Wife then and ſaid,
My Dear ſuch a Lady ask'd you for a Maid,
Where I din'd to Day a brisk Girl I did ſee,
Take her to the Lady, my Dear, inſtantly

Come I will go with you the Woman did ſay
The Lady will like you becauſe you are gay;
The Steward did foot with an air and a grace
And goes with the Woman to ſee his new Place.

The Lady the Chamber-maid lik'd I declare,
So ſhe gave her Earneſt and hired ſhe were;
I love a neat Girl the Lady did cry.
For I with my Chamber maid always do lie.

The Steward a Curtſey let drop on the Ground
For Joy of that Word he was ready to ſwoon;
Being hired he back to the Doctor did hie,
Over-joyed he was with the Lady to lie.

The Doctor ſaid Steward I'd have you forbear
Don't meddle for Fear that Danger you're near;
It is a Temptation I needs muſt confeſs
But you muſt forbear it though nevertheleſs.

The Steward he goes to his place to dwell
The Lady ſhe liked her Servant ſo well
He was her bed-fellow and knew all her Mind.
Each Night ſhe would talk of her true Love ſo kind.

One Night when they were laid both in Bed,
The Chamber maid unto the Lady thus ſaid,
Dear, Madam the Steward this Day I did ſee,
Of which you did Speak th'other Night unto me.

Well, how did you like him, the Lady did ſay,
Why, madam I think he is proper and gay;
His courtous Behaviour, his Carriage and Mein,
His Perſon I think is fit for a Queen.

So then with a Smile the Lady reply'd,
I wiſh that he was lying here by my Side;
But unto the Match you may very well think,
My Parents they will not give conſent

They talked of Love Terms till ſhe fell aſleep
Then ſoftly to her Side the Steward did creep;
Her Charms he admired as by her he lay.
But remembering ſtill what the Doctor did ſay.

One Day he to the Doctor did go,
Saying, Doctor, I never in Paſſion do grow;
To ſtrive for to finiſh the frolic, he ſaid,
Or elſe I diſcovered ſhall be, I'm afraid.

The Doctor he gave him a Medicine to take,
Saying. This will lay you in a very deep ſleep,
And ſtop any motion, the Doctor he ſaid,
That all who do ſee you ſhall think you are dead:

And when they diſcover that you are a Man
And when from your Sleep you recover again
For Fear that the Lady expoſed ſhould be,
Her Parents will inſtantly give her to thee.

Then Home to his Lady he inſtantly goes,
And ſtraight took his Medicine and fell in a Doſe

The Lady awaked in the dead of the Night,
And begun to be in a deſperate Fright.

She pull'd him and haul'd him, but thought he was dead
Like one in Diſtraction ſhe jump'd out of Bed;
And down to her Mother ſhe goes in a Fright,
Crying' Mother, the Maid is dead by my Side.

The Servants they ran up ſtairs with all Speed,
One ran for the Doctor, the Maid for to bleed;
It is but a Folly the Doctor he ſaid
For really to tell you the truth ſhe is dead.

The Lady ſat down and bitterly cry'd
I'm ſorry and grieved ſhe has dy'd by my Side:
She was a good Servant the old Lady cry'd
I'm ſorry, I'm ſorry poor Betty is dead.

To lay out the Corpſe the Maids did prepare,
Had you ſeen how they at each other did ſtare.
If I am not miſtaken then ſaid *Nan*,
I think that our Chamber-maid's turned to a Man.

A Man, ſaid the Lady, I think you're all wild,
I hope the Rogue has not got me with Child:
with Child, ſays her Mother, you impudent Quean
What is it you by all this Juggling do mean.

Dear Mother, I hope that you will not me blame
I am ſure that I nothing did know of the ſame:
It was the Doctor's Wife did bring him to me,
Therefore let us ſend for her inſtantly.

When they to the Doctor's wife had told their tale;
She cry'd, in Judgment, Girls, don't you fail:
She run to the Corpſe, and pull'd down the Sheet,
She ſaid, He is a Man I plainly do ſee it.

But as they were in the Midſt of the Fright,
He awaked from his Sleep, and ſtared upright:
They took to their Heels, down ſtairs did hie,
The old Lord aroſe when he heard the Fray.

The Steward he dreſs'd him, and down he did come;
The old Lord ſaid to him, what is it you've done:
Come tell me the Truth, or I ſolemnly ſwear,
I ſurely ſhall puniſh you very ſevere.

He

He down on his Knees and the Truth did relate,
The Lord he did laugh till his Sides did ake:
He liked of the Frolick ſo well as we hear,
That he willingly gave him his Daughter ſo fair.

But if that the Truth I needs muſt declare,
I really believe he did it for fear:
The Lady his Daughter by him was trapan'd,
For it plainly was proven ſhe had lain with a Man.

The Yorkſhire *Farmer's Frolick.*

GOOd People all I pray attend,
Unto theſe Lines that here is Penn'd:
This Joke is as merry as may be,
It was done in famous W——
O brave Yorkſhire *Farmer, O rare,* &c.

Two good Wives nigh to him did dwell,
Who loved him exceeding well;
When their Husbands were out of the way,
He with thoſe wanton Wives wou'd play.

He plow'd there, and until at the laſt,
That one of them did hold him faſt;
You are a Rogue, replied ſhe,
And can't deny but you've raviſhed me.

He then did confeſs it out of hand,
That he had plow'd his Neighbours Land:
He with them both ſoon did compound,
And paid them down full thirty Pounds.

But

But the other was in Debt we hear,
And by that Reaſon he did get clear;
But the other he doth flouriſh now,
By Reaſon that his Land it was plow'd.

So when the Money he had got,
And into his Pocket he it put;
Then to his Son he ſmiling did ſay,
We both will know the Time of the Day.

His Father bought a fine Nick Nack,
Which by Wind and Weather will not lack,
To tell the right Time of the Day,
Which coſt ſix Guineas as ſome do ſay.

A Watch his Son he now has got,
And into his pocket he hath it put;
And when he it ſees he often does ſmile,
To think how the Farmer was beguil'd.

This Joke it is comical as they do ſay,
And for his Wife he ought for to pray,
That ſhe ſuch a Dial had indeed,
For to help him out in his Time of Need.

So to conclude and make an End'
It is a ſure Truth as e'er was penn'd,
As they have agreed I'll tell you what,
They ought to play Tit for Tat.
O brave Yorkſhire *Farmer*, *O rare*, &c.

FINIS